

For virtue's sake, the people are required to bow down and give their sacred interests to the great "personification" lest the antagonistic idol should become the presiding spirit of the land, and hence extend his bloody dominion; to which however the Whigian "embodiment" has no "personal objections." Now for four long hours the pompous car stood still in the midst of the great valley of Poplitz, while the honorable priest fought valiantly the battle of virtue, anti-Texas and slavery. O great image, when ye preside forget not the man!

In pre-determined succession stands forth the sagacious, comic priest, just from the land of Camickismes: for there two averse spirits hold their mighty sway. While one vaunts its freedom, waves its star bespangled escutcheon, and sound its jubilee clarion; the other groans in fetters, writhes under the oppressors lash, and looks aghast in freedom's face. Lift up thy stentorian voice O priest, and let thy comic genius play skillfully on the fancy of the adoring multitude! But now in the midst the gracious avenger of the down trodden, who heard the groanings of his ancient people, as if to show his righteous indignation of this idolatrous "mass," who are about to signify elevate the oppressor, the proud, bloody, vulgar, impure oppressor, gathers the vapors and the winds in his fist, and sends them down with a tremendous hurl, mingled with dust, pestiferous as Egyptian plagues, and scatters the "mass" to the four winds of heaven!

ORIENTUS.

For the Liberty Standard.

MR. CLAY'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.

Messrs. Editors:—It is in the last degree humiliating to witness the pitiful shifts to which the whigs are driven in their attempts to whitewash the character of their idol Clay, so as to induce the people to give their moral and political influence in support of the high priest of duellists. Failing in all other efforts, they are at last driven to the stern necessity of applying to Mr. Clay's family connections for certificates of moral character for the Great Diana of Coonery; hence the whig organs are publishing with unwonted exultation, the voucher of Rev. Dr. Bascom, for the purity of Henry Clay's private character. This Rev. Doctor, we have always understood to be a nephew of Mr. Clay, and has been his beneficiary from his childhood up, and is indebted to his uncle for all that he is. No marvel then that he should feel friendly toward him, and desire to do what he can in truth and justice to sustain his character; but it is passing strange, that Dr. Bascom, occupying the place he does, in the literary and religious world, should risk his reputation on such testimony and such moral principles as are involved in his communications to Dr. Goble in support of his uncle. But let him speak for himself, "Mr. Clay as is known to the whole nation, offers no claim to christian piety in the parlance of our churches, but in view of the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, no charge, can be brought, against him, without violating the obligations of truth and sound justice!" So then, according to Dr. Bascom's code of morals, it is perfectly in keeping with the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, for a man to attempt coolly, deliberately and repeatedly to take the life of his fellow man, and declare to the world that he is a professional and determined murderer! That this is Henry Clay's character, Dr. Bascom knew when he penned that article; and he knew too, if he says he has been in intimate and confidential intercourse with Hon. H. Clay both in private and public life for more than twenty years, that he is a slaveholder, a profane swearer, and a Sabbath breaker, a fact known and read of all men who know any thing of the character of Mr. Clay, and it has never been denied by Mr. Clay or his friends, till, through the instrumentality of the Liberty party, the nation had so far recovered its sense of moral obligation and responsibility, as to the inconsistency, wickedness, and danger of elevating to office, duellists, sabbath-breakers, profane swearers, wine bibbers, gamblers and debauchees.

But the most curious and interesting part of the Doctor's panegyric and which perhaps explains in part his strange conduct in this matter, is the following: "If called upon, under similar circumstances, I should most cheerfully attest the good character of any of my neighbors, without reference to political relations or distinctions, nor do I believe any of them would hesitate calling on me to this effect, should it be found necessary." Now then, if any of the duellists, blacklegs, swearers or Sabbath-breakers of Lexington, Kentucky, desire to be President, or shall be candidates for any other office just call on Rev. Dr. Bascom of the Methodist Episcopal Church and President of Transylvania University, and never despair of office if there is nothing in the way but an utter destitution of moral principle and moral action. Here you have a standing voucher for your moral character, if you are under similar circumstances, i. e. if like Mr. Clay you only want office, and your bankrupt character stands in the way!—Come whigs, come democrats, come all, for the Rev. Dr. will attest your good character "without reference to political relations or distinctions." What a liberal soul! We would recommend to all entirely consistent with the "divine right" of kings and slaveholders? So it would seem. Modern democracy by selecting such a man as James K. Polk as the representative of its principles says so in effect. Let Peel and Metternich rejoice.—Let Russian Nicholas hear of it and be glad of heart. Let the Sultan exult over it in his Seven Towers: "Allah Keerim!—the Christian dog is coming to his senses!"—Standard.

A FAIR HIT.—An Exchange says: "In parts of the States where the religious scruples of the people are inordinately strong against attending at a theatre, that place of amusement is accordingly and successfully called a "dramatic saloon." Don't tell us there is nothing in a name. There is much. The religious scruples of any community may be gotten over with as easy an effort.

slavery advocates attempted to raise some objections and defend the peculiar institution, which had happened to fall into some disrepute, but failing to effect all he designed, a profane infidel came to his assistance, and abused the meeting. I tell you, the way in which the churches, ministers and political demagogues were denounced was a caution. But very luckily we happened to have no man there to throw us mercilessly over into the Texas box. In passing through Corinth a few days since, by inquiring about the state of things there, I found that the liberty ticket was rapidly increasing. My influence shall go for the cause of truth, and the oppressed slave.

N. I. ROBINSON.

August 27, 1844.

JAMES K. POLK,

THE "EMBODIMENT" OF DEMOCRACY.

It is said that attempts have been made in various sections of the free states to deny the fact that the candidate for the Democrats is a Slaveholder; and furthermore that there are many honest, well intentioned citizens who give the denial credit.

What are the facts? The Editor of the Pittsburg (Pa.) American says:

"We know the slaves belonging to James K. Polk were hired in 1839, at a furnace near the Tennessee river, belonging to Messrs. Young, Walker Nicholson, and William J. Polk, (a cousin of James K. Polk, and a good Whig,) of Columbia, Tennessee. The price paid some of them was \$150 per year to their master, and found in food and clothing by their employers. How many others he may have hired out elsewhere, or whether any more we know not; but that slaves of his were so employed at that place in the summer of 1839, is a fact we learned of the furnace owners mentioned above, and when on the ground."

A gentleman in Tennessee in a letter to his friend in Philadelphia, an extract of which we find in the Liberator, says:

"In reply to your inquiries as to whether Mr. Polk is a slaveholder, I am informed that 10 or 12 years ago, he established, in company with his brother in law, Caldwell, a negro quarter in Yallabusha county Mississippi, near Grenada: afterwards he bought his brother-in-law out, and has near one hundred souls on his cotton plantation there, whom, in consequence of his being so immersed in politics, he has seen but once in four years, and leaves them to the tender mercies of the overseer."

The Editor of the Bangor Daily Gazette, introduces the following letter, by stating that it is written by "a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity who has been for several years a resident of Tennessee:—"

Bangor, Aug. 17, 1844.

Messrs. Editors.—Many persons are desirous of knowing certainly whether Hon. James K. Polk is, or is not, a Slaveholder. It has been asserted that he is not; and evidence has been published to prove that he is not only a slaveholder, but like his kinsman, the bishop of a most thorough going one. I should rejoice in the fact, if Mr. P. were really free from this sin, so inconsistent with human rights and Christian love. But sad and unwelcome as the truth is, it ought to be known. I have just received a letter from Nashville, Tenn. dated August 6th, 1844, from an old citizen of the highest moral standing in that city, who says:—

"In reply to your questions.—Ist: 'Is James K. Polk a SLAVEHOLDER?' I answer YES HE IS—and has him [his slaves] on a cotton farm in Mississippi in a region where he is unwilling to risk his own health and that of his wife! The precise number I do not know, but enough to work a cotton plantation. Aside from this, he has a few at his place in Maury county."

"2d. 'Is he a professed Christian?' I answer, No he is not—and therefore belongs to no church. His wife is a Presbyterian."

Freeman of the North! Is such a man your choice? And for the sake of having him president, must you vote for slavery and Texas too? O, arise! Vote for the right! for freedom, justice and HUMANITY.

And this is the man—steeped to the lips in the abominations of slavery—actually living in luxury on the fruits of the whip extorted toil of his slaves, placed under the control of mercenary overseers, "in a region where he dares not risk his own health,"—whom the democratic advocates of Equal Rights delight to honor! This then is the "embodiment of Democratic principles!"

Democrats forsooth! Does not every man know that the doctrines of James K. Polk on the subject of human rights are those which belong to St. Petersburg, Vienna and Constantinople—the same which have moistened the dreary steppes of Siberia with the blood of the exiled Pole, and filled up the great Slave Bazaar on the banks of the Bosphorus with the victims of lust and avarice? Are names no longer signs of things? Or have the extremes of Despotism and Democracy met at last—shaken hands, amalgamated?—Was the Revolution fought for nothing?—were the principles of the British aristocracy identical with those of James Otis and John Hancock! Was the Declaration of independence in the words of that patent modern democrat George McDuffie only "a rhetorical flourish?" Is that famous document after all entirely consistent with the "divine right" of kings and slaveholders? So it would seem. Modern democracy by selecting such a man as James K. Polk as the representative of its principles says so in effect. Let Peel and Metternich rejoice.—Let Russian Nicholas hear of it and be glad of heart. Let the Sultan exult over it in his Seven Towers: "Allah Keerim!—the Christian dog is coming to his senses!"—Standard.

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THE SLAVEHOLDING D. D.

Bath, Aug., 21 1844.

Friend Willey:

Dear Sir:—Did the Maine Conference do anything upon the subject of Slavery at their last annual Meeting or not? I ask the question in earnest, for if not, I think it time they did, and that Ministers and Trustees of churches understood their duty! I went to the South Church Sabbath morning and heard a learned and eloquent discourse upon the Expansion of Human Soul, from a Dandy in Silk Gloves and Gold Rings, whose manner and style were to me evidently Southern, in which he illustrated his subjects by reference to art, science, literature and all the improvements of the age, and yet it was a heartless thing—acted theatrically not pashed with humility, by Rev. D. D. Hamilton of Mobile—formerly of New Jersey, a Slaveholder—one who keeps from 6 to 12 hundred souls from ever expanding sufficiently to read the name of their Maker. Messrs. Palmer and Fisk were both absent and this same Slaveholder preached at the Winter Street Church in the afternoon, met Rev. Mr. Orr at tea, and when questioned how he reconciled his position and his duties, defended himself very well in the opinion of my informant. He then told me in his defence that it was no worse to buy than hire—delicate wife—could not make a slave of her, &c. And after that he was allowed to go into the pulpit again—a buyer and seller of human souls preaching in our pulpits!

In the evening he asked aid and took up a collection to establish a Bethel at Mobile, where they take part of the crew and lock them in a dungeon and ask the others to go to the Bethel and while they have two Millions of Heathen around them, for I believe that whites MUST be Heathen or they could not be so unchristian. Said Hamilton is visiting the ports of Maine for aid. He left here for Thomaston, Bangor &c.—Can you inform the Christians in those places that he admits he is a Slaveholder? I have but little hope that so good an opportunity will again occur to strike a blow at Slavery as was neglected here. The South Church had no minister. A sacred slaveholding D. D. was in Town! Let it have gone through the land that the South Church preferred to conduct her services without a minister, to hearing him, a blow would have been struck that would be felt, yes, that would have shown the whole Southern Church. Instead of this our committee invited him to preach, knowing his residence, and not so much as asking if he is a slaveholder, nay, not even thinking about the Slaves, as one of them says, thereby showing their utter incapacity for their office.

F.

REMARKS.—This is the man who a few years ago declared that he had no more scruple about buying a slave than a horse. He came to this place, but found no opportunity to be heard in public, and it is deeply to be regretted that a church in Maine should have been opened for him. It is also to be regretted that the seaman's cause should be injured by committing it to such hands. When will the churches in Maine be closed against clerical man-stealers! Those houses in Bath could by no means have been obtained to plead for the down-trodden slaves, but those who traffic in the souls of men find a hearty welcome! Such is the support which slavery finds in northern churches.

One class of our seamen are thrown into prison immediately on reaching a southern port, then a benevolent society send out a trader in humanity to solicit funds of northern churches to build Bethels for another class. So they wrap it up.—Eo.

For the Liberty Standard.

DEAR BROTHER WILLEY:

Since I last wrote I have visited the following towns, in which I have lectured or attended meetings most of which have been exceedingly interesting and I trust more or less profitable.

Viz. Albany, Bethel, North Paris, North Norway, Norway Village, Lewiston, Camden, Liberty, Lincolnville, Old Town, and Bangor where I now write. The cause in this city and vicinity is onward, with some more than 'rail road speed,' and it cannot be otherwise, for it has fallen into the right kind of hands. The Godfreys, the Thatchers, the Walkers, the Stackpoles, the Browns &c. &c., have all become gunners and sappers; and the way they cut up and dig at the foundation, and pour the bombs of Truth into the old pro slavery Bastille, is a caution to Clay and Polkites. Their County and District Meetings have just come off, and most enthusiastic meetings they were. We were utterly unable to discover the signs of 'dying away' about which the Whigs and Locos talk so vociferously. The gathering was a large one and made up of the right kind of material.—We the people, were there, and not a lot of 3d and 4th rate lawyers and broken down bankrupt politicians who have nothing to lose, and whose vocation is to 'soft soap' the 'dear people' and endeavor to press them again into the service of Coonery and Pokeism, that they may get the 'loaves and fishes.' But the farmers, merchants, and mechanics were there, and came on purpose to talk and act for liberty and equality and the salvation of our common country from the dominion and misrule of slaveholders. We opine that Old Penobscot will acquit herself most honorably at the coming elections.

The whigs held a 'great gathering' here last week. Not far from a thousand Whigs, Democrats, Liberty men, women and children, came together. These the whigs have multiplied by 4, a very convenient and ready mode of getting up a 'great meeting.' Mr. Evans and that finished buffoon, Col. McKenney were there. Evans offered up a prayer that no Liberty man might ever get into Congress? That prayer will not be answered, but it proves the consummate hypocrisy of the man, who talks loudly of his love of liberty and the 'dear people.' It shows too that George Evans is filled with stormy forebodings, and despairs of the old pro slavery parties being able much longer to keep Liberty men out of Congress, without Divine aid! Glad he is coming to his senses. We tell this modern Baalim that he may curse Israel, but Israel will prosper, because 'the good hand of God is upon her.' I have just returned from Old Town where I lectured Thursday and Friday evening. The spirit of Liberty is getting a strong hold in that place. On Friday the Democrats held a Convention there, which Mr. Robert Rantoul, Jr., of Boston, and Mr. Hannibal Hamlin addressed. They dwelt almost exclusively on the Tariff. Not a word was said about Texas, Gov. Dorr, the Liberty party, Slavery, Bank, Sub-Treasury, Distribution, assumption of State debts, or any of that sort of stuff, but they endeavored to prove that the whigs were a hypocritical, heartless set of rascals, and were not to be trusted, that the present Tariff operates unequally and unjustly, making the poor support the Government while

the rich escaped and were protected in their monopolizing course; and that they (the democrats) are in favor of a higher Tariff than the whigs!—As usual, with both the old proslavery parties, an appeal was made to the prejudices, passions and rockers of the people. In the evening we endeavored to show the people the comparative worthlessness of all for which the old parties are clamoring, and that there is, in reality no difference between them, except in the detail of some of their measures. That the difference is merely an ideal one created by the leaders, to deceive and frighten the people, and thereby secure to themselves the honors and emblems of office. I had not proceeded far before certain whigs became restless, having had their patriotism kindled and their tongues loosed by the influence of the 'good critter' alcohol, they broke forth in no measured strains of alcoholic eloquence! They knew all about every thing, and more too; and could discuss the Tariff, Bank, Texas, or any thing else. Their object was to break up the meeting, and thus prevent the legitimate effect of truths, but in this they were defeated. The meetings will do much good, and indeed their good fruits had begun to appear when we left. One whig Doctor, rose as we finished our remarks, and in a most solemn manner, conjured the whigs not to vote for Birney unless they wanted to vote for Texas!

C. C. CONE.

Bangor, September 2, 1844.

For the Liberty Standard.

PERSONALLY I COULD HAVE NO OBJECTION TO THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.—Henry Clay's Letter to the Tuscaloosa Monitor, July 1, 1844.

You have not, eh? Neither has Mr. Polk, you are both sound to the core on that point. You Mr. Clay, "have personally no objections." Well sir, have you objections of any sort? Is there any thing that you would not do "for the sake of acquiring Texas?" I see, here is your answer to this question in your letter of July 1st. "I certainly would be unwilling to see the existing Union dissolved or seriously jeopardized for the sake of acquiring Texas."

Well now that is patriotic. But why can you not go as far in this business as your South Carolina friends, with whom you acted in February 1837, on the Texas question? Why prove recreant to them now? Ah I see it, here is your answer, "South Carolina being surrounded by slave States, would in the event of a dissolution of the Union suffer only comparative evils; but it is otherwise with Kentucky. She has the boundary of Ohio, extending 500 miles on three free states. What would be her condition in the event of the greatest calamity that could befall this nation? Beg your pardon,—I see it now:—In the event of this "greatest calamity" your man Charles, and the other chattels would paddle across the Ohio some night and in the morning you would be obliged to do the chores yourself.—Oh! horrible!

I now begin to see how it is, that however anxious you may be to acquire Texas, it is still more important, for the benefit of the 'peculiar institution,' to secure to the Patriarchs of Kentucky and other States bordering on the free states, their property in men and women.

You certainly deserve great praise for your exertions to preserve the Union; especially when we remember the compromises which you have made. Your compromise brought Missouri and Arkansas into the Union for its preservation.

Now Mr. Clay suppose your coadjutors in this nefarious business—1837, whom your Whig Senate has made Secretary of State, John C. Calhoun and Senator Walker, with the States of South Carolina and Mississippi, should threaten a dissolution of the Union, unless Texas were admitted, could you not do as you did in 1820, when your party threatened the same thing, viz.—grant all the slaveholders ask; compromise the business by annexing Texas? Mr. Clay, allow me to suggest to you that when you write another letter on Texas or upon any other subject that you avoid Van Burenism, and make yourself clearly understood; then we should not be obliged to wait two and a half months,—from the middle of April to the first of July to get at your meaning. However, 'better late than never.' You have now cleared yourself from the charge of inconsistency, and have shown your position to be the same as for twenty years past, the firm friend of Slavery, the uncompromising enemy of the self evident truth that "all men have an inalienable right to Liberty."

J. J.

N. B.—I shall drop you a line again before I vote for you.

TENDER AND SUBDUING.—President Houston, in a letter to Gen. Jackson, makes the following sentimental, touching, and irresistible appeal, to the gallantry of the United States:

"Now, my Venerated friend, you see that Texas is presented to the United States as a bride adorned for her espousals; but if, in the confident hope of the Union, should she be rejected, her mortification would be indescribable. She has been sought by the United States, and this is the third time she has consented. Were she now to be spurned, it would forever terminate expectation on her part; and it would then be only left for the United States to expect that she would seek some other friend, but all Christendom would justify her in a course dictated by necessity and sanctioned by wisdom. However adverse this might be to the wishes or to the interests of the U. States, in her present condition, she could not ponder long."

THREE SETTLED POINTS.

1. That the election of James K. Polk to the presidency will prove, if it prove any thing in relation to the question, that the people are "in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas." 2. That the election of Henry Clay will prove, if it prove any thing, that the people have, "personally, no objection to the annexation of Texas," but on the contrary, would be "glad to see it." 3. That James G. Birney is the only presidential candidate whose election will prove the people to be against annexation.—[Chronicle.]

THOMAS MORRIS.—To show how the ex-secrator, whom we have on our ticket for vice-president, is regarded in his own State, read the following resolution of the Trumbull county convention: Resolved, That in THOMAS MORRIS we have a candidate for the vice-presidency, who has stood before the people the unflinching advocate of Liberty principles, and alone in the Senate of the United States, "unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—[Chronicle.]

MECHANICS' EXHIBITION.—Faneuil and Quincy Halls are undergoing the necessary preparations for the Fourth Exhibition of Home Industry, under the patronage of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. The two halls will be connected, as heretofore, by a beautiful suspension, self-sustaining bridge, the invention of Messrs. Caleb and Thomas Willis Pratt, which will be completed to-morrow. The actuary, Mr. Charles A. Wells, is in constant attendance at the Rotunda, Quincy Hall, who will answer all inquiries by contributors. The hall will be ready for the reception of goods the last of this week, when it is hoped, all who intend to call after articles for pre-laid goods and valuable inventions will never more be disappointed. The prospects of a brilliant display of rich goods and valuable inventions was never more encouraging, and it is important that early notice should be given.—[Transcript.]

LIBERTY STANDARD.

WALLOWELL, SEPT. 13, 1844.

"There but one proper and effectual mode by which the (the abolition) slavery can be accomplished, and that is, by the legislative authority; and every man who supports the WILL GO DOWN TO DEATH.—George Washington.

THE LIBERTY TICKET.

COMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT, A. D. 1844,
JAMES G. BIRNEY,
OF MICHIGAN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS MORRIS,
OF OHIO.

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

SAMUEL FESSENDEN.
DRUMMOND FARNSWORTH.

1st Dist.—HENRY HOBBS, Waterboro'.
2d Dist.—NATHANIEL PEASE, Bridgton.
3d Dist.—CHARLES MORSE.
4th Dist.—ZURY ROBINSON.
5th Dist.—LEONARD HATHAWAY.
7th Dist.—THOMAS D. SMITH.

HENRY CLAY AND TEXAS.

Last week we published the essential part of this letter, and also the two paragraphs next preceding the last two as an extra, that the people might have the means of knowing Mr. Clay's views. It will be seen that he fully sustains the interpretation of his previous letters which abolitionists gave it, notwithstanding the calumny and extreme abuse which they received for it from the whigs. Mr. Clay was always an annexationist, but partially concealed it in his first letter, for reasons of state. The country would not hear, at that time, such a letter as this, but now the whigs, after all their clamor about Texas, will sustain without wincing an avowed annexationist.

The body of the letter is occupied in proving that he is now as much in favor of Texas as he ever was. He then most evidently pledges his administration, should he be elected, to secure the annexation of Texas if it can be effected without dissolution or war. He again repeats that he 'did not refer to persons,' as the whigs have every where asserted, but 'to states or sections,' when he spoke of opposition which he would regard. If the whig party will support him now, he will have a right to infer that no serious opposition exists in the north: He will know that he can control it as he pleases.

He has also distinctly told the northern whigs that their great argument with the abolitionists shall be allowed no influence with his administration. The anti slavery argument against annexation he totally discards. Certainly no man can hereafter urge his election on this ground without palpable imposition upon the common sense of the community, and any man who has publicly supported him on this ground is bound in honor publicly to withdraw that support. What will the whigs now do?

SMALL BUSINESS.—SHAMEFUL DEMAGOGUISM.

The last Kennebec Journal, desirous to make some outcry before election, represented us as having 'garbled' Mr. Clay's letter in our Extra, 'picking out a line here and a line there' &c.—We took two entire and consecutive paragraphs, which fairly stated his position as any one can see, and contained the very language which that paper marked in capitals as having been left out by us. This is meanness of unusual diminutiveness.

Especially it is remarkable, when that paper so far garbled our language as to have sent the editor to the state prison had it been a financial matter. We said the 'Liberty party was not anti-Texas, nor anti-gag, nor anti-Mexico, directly, but anti-slavery.' He takes the first phrase.—The Liberty party is not an anti-Texas party—leaves off the rest, then charges us with favoring the annexation of Texas. Such conduct is deserving the severest reprehension of all good men as being no better than that of a pickpocket.

SLAVEHOLDERS AND ANNEXATIONISTS.

The people of Maine have now before them two veteran slaveholders, both of whom are open and avowed annexationists, for their suffrages for the highest office in the nation. This state now lies between James G. Birney and James K. Polk the slaveholding annexationist. Which do the people prefer?

TOWNS HOUSE. We stated last week that the Selectmen of this town took the use of the Town Hall from the Liberty men and gave it to the Whigs. Lest there should be a wrong impression we will state the facts just as they are and let others judge.

Application was made to the first selectman for the Hall for an anti slavery meeting. He said it was at liberty, but the Board had agreed to let no one have it but on a written permission. He accordingly wrote and signed one. It was offered to another selectman, who refused to sign it because the whigs, with his knowledge and consent, were expecting to use it, but no written certificate had been asked or given. The paper was then offered to the other selectman and signed by him.—The Liberty man applying supposed he was acting strictly on the rule adopted by the selectmen, and supposed they would be willing to be governed by the same. We understand the selectmen think it was unfair to seek the Hall farther after hearing that the whigs had a verbal understanding with one of the selectmen to use it at the same time.—These are the facts.

The selectmen, however, afterwards receded from their position and very properly, as we think, returned the Hall to the Liberty party. This was done after our former notice was written.

We now ask all the friends of liberty to commence immediately a preparation for the November election by procuring 500 more subscribers to the Liberty Standard. It can easily be done.—Try it.

It is not that the law of last winter gives the influence of liberty votes in favor of Polk, as the whigs allege, that most troubles them; but because it impedes their scheme by which they hoped to get them all into the 'Clay box.'

Abolitionists should pay us no respect whatever to these party tricks. If they attempt to adjust them they will find their hands full. Let them go—it's too small a business.

The Kennebec Journal has published what purports to be a statement counter to the one certified to by eleven men and published in the Standard two weeks ago, respecting the story that we came out for Polk in a meeting at Augusta. But any one can see that its own witnesses do not sustain at all the chief point of the allegation which was, that we expressed a political preference for

Mr. Polk's election, thereby proving that we were a 'loco.' But those three palous-whigs who signed the statement do not intimate that we expressed such preference except strictly on anti slavery grounds. So that the charge essentially falls on their own story. But we expressed no preference on any ground.

VERMONT ELECTIONS.

It is with the highest gratification that we present to our readers the returns, in part, from the elections in the Green Mountain State. It was very alliances. The whigs were determined to retain their purposes, Mr. Slade made the most of his anti-slavery influence for this end, and most of it in the attempt. He was nominated for governor to draw away, if possible, liberty men from their integrity, but he and his party signally failed. Notwithstanding the most zealous, determined, unscrupulous, wretched efforts to crush the Liberty party, it has stood its ground nobly—and advanced in spite of all opposition. When the votes are all in probably the liberty vote of VERMONT WILL BE SEEN TO HAVE DONE LED.

This is cause of gratitude and hearty congratulation, and with the cheering notes of triumph progress from Illinois, should nerve anew every arm in the glorious cause of Liberty.

Wadsworth County 20 towns.			
	1843.		1844.
Lib.	315	Lib.	499
Whig	2313	Whig	2523
Dem.	1928	Dem.	1793
Windsor County complete.			
Lib.	503	Lib.	616
Whig	2759	Whig	3307
Dem.	1828	Dem.	1812
Bennington county 14 towns.			
Lib.	127	Lib.	294
Whig	1417	Whig	1560
Dem.	1437	Dem.	1489
Rutland county 19 towns.			
Lib.	298	Lib.	442
Whig	2407	Whig	2781
Dem.	1309	Dem.	1292
Orange county 16 towns.			
Lib.	535	Lib.	591
Whig	2095	Whig	2321
Dem.	2534	Dem.	2425
Washington county 15 towns.			
Lib.	194	Lib.	351
Whig	1415	Whig	1627
Dem.	2424	Dem.	2276
Addison county 12 towns.			
Lib.	116	Lib.	151
Whig	1379	Whig	1500
Dem.	530	Dem.	470
Chittenden county 15 towns.			
Lib.	183	Lib.	516
Whig	1769	Whig	2119
Dem.	1547	Dem.	1682
Caledonia county 11 towns.			
Lib.	116	Lib.	119
Whig	1093	Whig	1326
Dem.	1346	Dem.	1238
Franklin county 3 towns.			
Lib.	34	Lib.	55
Whig	531	Whig	573
Dem.	520	Dem.	515
Lamoille county 8 towns.			
Lib.	266	Lib.	435
Whig	265	Whig	398
Dem.	660	Dem.	630
Orleans county 7 towns.			
Lib.	120	Lib.	140
Whig	392	Whig	413
Dem.	452	Dem.	357

In 163 towns the Liberty vote has gone up from 2,807 last year, to 4,094 this year.

Since the above we have received further returns which increase the Liberty vote to 4,888.—We think it will come up to 7000. The Green Mountain Freeman says, 'Much the larger part of our increase in this election is from the alien democracy.'

MAINE ELECTIONS.

Our State elections are passed, and the results are determined. The contest has been arduous on all sides, but the heat of the conflict has been between the Liberty party and the whigs. The question at issue was not one of numbers, but of existence. It was this:

Shall the Liberty Party maintain a permanent existence in Maine, or shall it be exterminated?

Poetry.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Written on reading the sentence of John L. Brown, of North Carolina, who was to have been executed on the 25th of April, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage. [Sentence afterwards commuted.]

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Ho! thou who seekest late and long
A license from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and Hell's wrong,
Man of the Pulpit, look!—
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;
And tell us how to Heaven will rise
The incense of this sacrifice—
This blossom of the gallows tree—

Search out for slavery's ills of need
Some fitting text of sacred writ;
Give Heaven the credit of a deed
Which shame the neither pit!
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him,
Whose truth is on thy lips a lie;
Ask that the bright-winged cherubim
May bend around that scaffold grim,
To guard and bless and sanctify—
This blossom of the gallows tree—

Ho! champion of the people's cause—
Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke
Of foreign wrong and old world laws;
Man of the Senate, look!
Was this the promise of the free,
The great hope of our early time;
That slavery's poison vine should be
Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree—
O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?

Send out the summons East and West,
And South and North—let all be there,
Where he who pitied the oppressed
Swings out in sun and air!
Let not a democratic hand
The grisly hangman's task refuse;
There let each loyal patriot stand,
Awaiting slavery's prayer-nursed tree—
To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony—unmeet
Its bold rebuke for deeds which start
In fiery and indignant heat
The pulses of the heart.
Leave studied wit and guarded phrase
For those who think but do not feel:
Let men speak out in words which raise
Where'er they fall an answering fire,
Like flints which strike the blaze from steel.

Still let a mourning Priesthood ply
Their garbled text and gloss of sin,
And make the lettered scroll deny
Its living soul within;
Still let the place-fed titled knave
Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,
And tell us that our fathers gave
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,
For frieze and moulding, chains and whips!

But ye who own that higher law,
Whose tablets in the heart are set,
Speak out in words of power and awe,
That God is living yet!
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime
Which thrilled the burdened Prophet's lyre,
And in a dark and evil time
Smote down on Israel's feet of crime
A gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh! not for us the graceful lay,
To those soft measures lightly move
The dryad and the woodland fay,
O'erlooked by Mirth and Love;
But such a stern and startling strain
As Briton's hunted bards flung down
From Snowden to the conquered plain,
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain
On trampled fields and smoking town.

By liberty's dishonored name,
By man's last hope and failing trust,
By words and deeds which bow with shame
Our torments to the dust;
By the exulting Tyrant's sneer,
Borne to us by the old world's thrones,
And by his victim's grief, who hear
In sunless mines and dungeon's drear,
How Freedom's land her faith disowns!

Speak out in acts—the time for words
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;
In the loud clang of meeting words,
The softer music dies!
Act—act in God's name, while ye may,
Smite from the Church her leprous limb,
Threw open to the light of day
The bondman's cell, and break away
The chains the State has bound on him.

Ho!—every true and living soul,
To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The freeman's and the Christian's whole,
Tongue, pen, and vote and prayer!
One last great battle for the Right—
One short, sharp struggle to be free—
To do to succeed—our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory!

* Three new publications, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Judkin, President of the Miami College, Rev. Alexander McCaine, of the Methodist Protestant church, and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending slavery.

Miscellaneous.

MEMORY.

It was in the gardens of the Tulleries that I met with an old college friend. He was promiscuous with a young lady, who seemed to me to have some difficulty in making herself understood, and still more in understanding her cavalier. They soon parted company, and my old acquaintance came up to me, and complained of the difficulties he found in speaking the French language. "I always had a bad memory, you know, but I can remember facts better than words." I should have instantly recognized my man by this expression alone. He went by the name of "The Man of Facts" when he was at College; and it was to this alone that he ascribed all his superiority. To possess more facts than one's neighbor was to have the greatest advantage over him. When asked how he got through his examination, he replied, "Well enough;" but regretted that he had not so many facts as the professors who examined him; and he sighed for his want of memory.

Now, nothing can be more erroneous than were his ideas upon the subject. A man may possess an immense number of facts, and be a very great goose. There are two kinds of memory—the one purely mechanical, which those possess who retain names, dates, and some facts, the other is the result of an impression made upon the feelings; and the complaint of a want of memory is in general nothing more than an obtuseness of an important portion of the intellectual faculties. Few clever men complain of a want of memory, or find difficulty in retaining those which form a part or parcel of their intellectual enjoyments.

The lover of poetry may not be able to recollect where the battle was precisely fought, but if he have ever read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he can never forget it. He may have read it but once, he may not be able to repeat it, but there it is indelibly impressed upon his feelings—he can call it up when he pleases. It is as much his own as the author's. The man without memory or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may have read it many times, and yet know nothing about it. It is even he who has passed over it, but it has not passed through those portals to be indelibly stamped upon the sensorium. His ear may, perhaps, again recognise the sound of the words, but still the thing itself has escaped his memory, and from the best of all reasons—that it never was there. The want of memory of which some complain, may be compared to Falstaff's deafness. "Rather out, please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

He who has summed up every thing, and placed all things in their true light, has not been wanting in the true definition of memory. When the Ghost says to Hamlet, "Remember me!" he replies, "Yes, as long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe."

Here is precisely what we contend for, viz. that

true memory is made up of impression. Such is implied in the tone of Hamlet's reply that it would be impossible to forget it, that nothing less than the dissolution of the moral and physical world could prevent him from remembering the scene which he had just witnessed. It became the scene of no matter of will with him to do so. To tell him to forget or remember it, portion of his moral existence, inseparable but by general dissolution. It is precisely the same in other matters; that which has made a strong impression is never forgotten; it may not always be at hand, but it is still there; circumstances may again call it forth, fresh as it was deposited in the storehouse of the mind. The man without memory is the man whose mind is not organized to receive such impressions as excite those sensations which guarantee durability; such as read the book and lay it down, and forget where they left off: a state which may occur to all at times, when the mind may be preoccupied, but which is habitual with those who complain of bad memories. In these arguments a healthy state of body and mind are presupposed, for by nothing is the faculty of memory so impaired as by physical derangements. It may be annihilated by organic affections, or it may be suspended, or go to sleep. It may happen that the power of speech and the use of language be annulled, that all moral existence may seem extinguished, while the physical powers continue their functions; but when the causes operating these effects shall have been removed, then shall blessed memory return with all its force to the point where its functions had been suspended. The following case, quoted from the lectures of the late Sir Astley Cooper, illustrates the position of the mind in a satisfactory manner.—A sailor falling from the yard-arm was taken up insensible, and carried into the hospital in Gibraltar, where he remained in the same state for many months; he was conveyed from thence to England, and admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital.

"He lay upon his back with very few signs of life, breathing, his pulse beating, some motion in his fingers, but in all other respects, apparently deprived of all power of mind, volition, or sensation. Upon the examination of his head, a depression was discovered, and he was trephined at a period of thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The man sat up in his bed four hours after the operation, and upon being asked if he felt pain, immediately put his hand to his head. In four days from this time he was able to get out of bed and converse, and in a few more days he was able to say where he came from and remembered meeting with the accident; but from that time up to the period when the operation was performed (i. e. for a period of thirteen months and upwards) his mind remained in a perfect state of oblivion."

Nothing was remembered which occurred between the periods of the wound which caused the pressure and the removal of the piece of bone which produced it, because nothing during that long time had made any impression on the sensorium. There was a distinct separation of animal from moral existence.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has published a case of double consciousness with temporary loss of memory. It is rather complicated in a metaphysical point of view, but proves satisfactorily the power of impression. There was no loss of memory where the former had had its influence. Some physical impediment in the circulation operated to prevent its manifestations at will; but it was there, and as soon as the obstruction was removed memory again triumphed.

I believe, therefore, that we are not far from wrong in accusing our friend of that want of perception and of impression which so much limited the number of his facts that he retained but very few; and his complaint against his memory was unjust and ill-founded, inasmuch as the food with which it is nourished must be duly digested and assimilated before it form an integral part of that intellectual state which seldom complains of want of memory.

THE HEIGHT OF HONOR.

SILAS WRIGHT.

The position of Mr. Wright is a most remarkable one. He is a plain man, with nothing of the courtier about him, and nothing of the peculiar social attractiveness which adorns Mr. Clay, and which is so efficient in creating personal friendships and working out political strength. He has no children, and is in no way the inheritor of fame. He has never sought office, and we do not believe he has ever desired it. At any rate, he has never been so excited about politics, in any way, as to lose his temper, or resort to any one of those tricks so often counted the essential machinery of political man. In the agitations of debate he is always calm and courteous, and never, in all his life, was guilty for a moment of those personalities which so often dishonor public men, and the people whom they represent. Calm, urbane and dignified he is always, however violent may be the storm. Mr. Wright carries on an immense correspondence with his own hand, and with such industry as never to allow the business of one day to lie over for the next. He will not go to bed until the business of the day is done. Whoever writes him a letter on any matter, is sure to get an immediate answer, written in a plain round hand, short, but containing all that there is to say.

It is honorable to the American character that such a man should rise high in public esteem.—We speak now, not of his political views, but of the man. But the elevation to which he has risen is certainly remarkable. Within a hundred days he has been tendered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which he would have been confirmed by the unanimous voice of the Senate and of the country. He has been offered the nomination of a great party to the first, and then to the second place of executive office in the nation, and now the same party tender him the chief magistracy of the Empire State.—All these stations have been tendered to him and urged upon him with a unanimity among his own party broken only by the fear of removing him from his present place as a Senator—and they have all been declined, not by way of finesse, but because he is unwilling to fill positions which he has no taste for. What other man in our country has had the opportunity of rejecting so many honors?—[Journal of Commerce.]

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—We have rarely met with anything more exquisitely beautiful than the following reflection from a distinguished German author and poet, Lessing. It is full of thought, and is well fitted for the daily practice of life.—How evident it is that the search after truth, and power and wealth—nay, of every human distinction—furnishes more real enjoyment than the fruition of them in this world:—

"It is not the truth a man has, or thinks that he has, but the sincere pains he has applied to obtain it, that constitutes his worth. For not by the possession of truth, but by the search after it, are his powers enlarged, wherein alone his ever-growing perfection doth subsist. Possession makes man quiet, indolent and proud. If God should hold out in his right hand all truth, and in his left simply the intense desire for it, although with the condition that I should eternally err in the pursuit, and should say unto me 'Choose!' I would humbly fall on his left, and say, 'Father, give! Pure truth is, indeed, for thee alone.'"

A FISH STORY. The Richmond Compiler tells the following story on the authority of a friend. It says that in Carter county, Tenn., he was a spring which burst up with great force, which at certain seasons boils up fine perch in great abundance. A net placed across the little stream which runs from it has been known to take 600 perch in a single night. The spring is near the Watuga river, and is probably, delivered from the river itself, but in a long subterranean passage the water becomes so cool and limpid as to be unlike that of the river. It must be glorious fun for the people thereabouts to take perch in so easy a manner. If the spring were only a hot spring, so that the fish would pop up already cooked for the table, what a remarkable instance it would afford of "living made easy."

Everything turns to wit in Sydney Smith. A criticism is always a witicism, a fact a jest, an argument a piece of railery. His facts and figures are provocative of laughter, in his hands those of Cruikshank, who can extract fun from a pound of beef, a lord mayor, or a cabbage. "John Bull is a matter of fact man in his character," would be a simple statement, and such as most writers

would employ, in a grave review when speaking of the subject. Not so, Sydney Smith, whose mind revels over that fat, fond, and foolish impersonation of national character, and never can behold without dramatizing him. Hear him! and listen to a delightful example of humor superadded to his histories of wit. Mark how he generalizes and particularizes, how he wraps up his meaning and unfolds it again, how subtly he creeps and winds his way to a climax!

"The English are a calm reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blabbers, and subscribes!"

TO MY BOY.

I never gaze upon thy form,
Or mark the soft, blue eye,
Where floats a dream of loveliness,
Pure, passionate, and high,
But that my heart must thrill with joy,
And flutter with delight,
To view thy spotless innocence
In childhood's sunny light.

O! could I crave a boon for thee
That earth can never give,
It would not be a worldly crown,
For which so many live;
But it would be a spotless life
Of innocence and peace,
Such as would gain for thee a home
Where bliss shall never cease.

A thorny maze, my lovely boy,
Thy destiny may be,
From which a father's tender care
Can never rescue thee;
But could my wishes be obtained,
Thy pathway should be free
From all corroding griefs and cares
That have surrounded me.

As time shall wing its onward flight,
I'll change the rosy gleam
Which lingers on thy parian brow,
In childhood's pleasing dream.
Thy sparkling eye may yet be dimm'd
With grief's unbidden tear,
Where no fond mother's dear caress,
Or father's smile can cheer.

Though now thou'lt fondly cling to me,
My little smiling boy;
Thou hast a place within my heart,
None else could e'er enjoy.
Then as thy feelings moments pass,
May love and joy be thine;
Around an altar may we kneel,
And worship at one shrine.

There is a still more pleasing thought
Entranced upon my heart—
That though on earth we separate,
And from each other part,
There is a place of endless bliss
Where we may meet again,
To join the chorus of the skies
In heaven's sweetest strain.

[For the Liberty Standard.]

THE TOGUS SPRING.

As the Togus Spring (so called) is becoming much celebrated for its medicinal properties, and is resorted to by many who are afflicted with humors of various kinds, a history of it may not be uninteresting to your readers. In 1761, Mr. Jonathan Davenport moved from Dorchester, Mass. and settled upon the east side of the Kennebec river, between Augusta and Hallowell, and built the first house that was built upon that side of the river, from Augusta to Dresden. There being no cleared land, he resorted to the meadows to procure hay for his stock. He went to the meadow called then, by the Indians, Rognumtugris, (which name has since become corrupted, and is now called Worumontogus,) demolished the beaver dams, let off the water, and the next year while mowing this meadow he discovered this spring; and they made free use of its waters, it being so pure and cold. Its medicinal virtue was first discovered by his son Lemuel, a young lad while haying in this meadow. He drank the water freely and in the course of four or five days he became covered with biles or humors—in a short time they healed up, and after that time his health was better, he being of a delicate constitution.

The land, including the Spring, was then owned by the Plymouth Co. When they gave a lot of land to the parish of this town, old Dr. Benjamin Vaughan advised the parish to select or choose a lot that would include this Spring—it being made known to him by Mr. Davenport, and having tested its medicinal properties he pronounced it valuable, and equal if not superior to the Saratoga, and even recommended the use of its water to his patients. The parish accordingly selected the lot which included this Spring, and retained it in their possession until about fifteen years ago, when they sold the lot to Mr. Roberts. Doct. Benj. Page, (who ever prized the spring highly,) and Gen. Ladd, purchased the Spring and ten acres of the meadow soon after, of Mr. Roberts. Ladd sold his interest last spring to Emerson. The present proprietors are Doct. Page's heirs, Emerson and Patterson. For about fifty or sixty years it has been resorted to by many who have been afflicted with the salt rheum and other cutaneous eruptions, and hundreds can testify of its beneficial effects. A boarding-house near the Spring has recently been erected—and also a house containing showering baths close by the Spring. From five to six hundred have visited the Spring daily, for the last three or four weeks.

WOMAN.

The character of a pure and virtuous female is too tender and delicate to be handled roughly. Like the dew-drop that sparkles on the bosom of the rose-bud, the first rude blast is apt to sweep it away. Surely, then, it should be regarded with a pious care by her who now possesses it, and should never be sullied by the foul taint of withering calumny. The man who would cast a deadly light on the reputation of an innocent and unsuspecting woman, by direct accusations or cunning insinuations, is a vile and heartless wretch, unfit for the companionship of his species.

The sympathy of woman is one of the crowning excellencies of her nature. This is the golden chain that unites her with loftier intelligences and with the Deity himself. How brilliantly does this amiable quality shine in the hope of sorrow and anguish—by the pillow of sickness and death. Then indeed does woman seem like a guardian angel sent from a higher and loftier sphere, to cheer our moments of despondence and distress, to smooth our otherwise rugged passage to the tomb, and to prepare the departing spirit for a happy exit from this world of woe. Who then will endeavor, with impious hands, to withdraw her from the position she was destined to occupy, to mar the symmetry of her character, and to plunge her into the turbid waters of crime—a leaching to herself and a nuisance to society.

PICKING UP A PIN.

The following anecdote in the life of Lafitte, the celebrated Paris banker, who lately died in that city, contains an excellent moral. He first went to Paris in 1788, and the most ambitious hope which he dared at that time to cherish, was that he might obtain some humble situation in a banking-house. He waited on M. Perregaux, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. M. Perregaux, the affluent Swiss banker, had then just established himself in the hotel formerly belonging to the celebrated Mademoiselle Guimand, which she had disposed of by way of lottery, and the banker had won the prize. Into that beau-

tiful residence M. Lafitte entered, poor, modest, timid and embarrassed, and by the door though which all the follies of the preceding century had passed. He was ushered into the banker's private room, and his request was made known. "It is impossible to find a situation for you in my establishment," said M. Perregaux, "at least for the present. My offices are all full. At some future period, should I have occasion for any one, I will see what I can do; but, in the meantime, I would have you look for an engagement elsewhere, for it may be a long time before I have a vacancy."—Thus repulsed, the young applicant withdrew. Crossing the court-yard, sad and downcast, he stooped to pick up a pin from the ground, which he carefully placed in the sleeve of his coat. Little did he suspect that an act so insignificant would decide his future fate, and make his fortune. It was, however, seen from the window of his apartment by M. Perregaux. The Swiss banker was one of those who knew the value of little things, and who formed his judgment of men from observing minute details, which the vulgar would regard as unimportant. What he had seen was to him a pledge of order and economy, and it assured him that the young man possessed qualities which would render him valuable. He who had picked up the pin became an excellent clerk, gained the confidence of his employer, and eventually reached the highest prosperity. That same evening he received a note from M. Perregaux to this effect:—"There is a situation for you in my house: you can enter upon it tomorrow."

The following song was sung at the late celebration in Berkshire county, Mass.

BERKSHIRE TO HER TRUANT CHILDREN.
Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!
With a smile on her face and a sprig on her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the Law, who can talk if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rubarb and spicacine;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

You Clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an anti-bill of units and tens;
Though Placid denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With horns on his legs, and the grass at his heels;
No dodger behind his handstands to share,
No constable grumbling "You mustn't walk there."

In yonder green meadow, to Memory dear,
He slaps a musquito and brushes a hair;
The dew drops hang round him, on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church;
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch,
Oh sweet were the days of his juvenile trills,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks."

By the side of yonder river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots filled with water, as if they were pumps;
The dew drops hang round him, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

"His past—he is dreaming—I see him again;
His ledger returns as by legendarian;
His neckcloth is damp, with an ominous flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an ominous straw."

Oh, what are the prices we perish to win
To the first "shiner" we caught with a pin!
No soil upon earth is as dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast,
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old-water—at nothing a glass.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.
I love to think of my mother's grave. When engaged in the active scenes of life, or even in the giddy throng, one thought of that dear, sacred spot, brings to mind a thousand associations connected with the dear scene. Through months have passed since last I saw it—though numerous hills and vales separate me from that much loved spot—yet at this very moment it seems directly before me. And oft in meditation I fancy myself seated beside that lonely grave, holding communion with that sainted mother. Then my whole life comes up in review before me. The days of my childhood seem but yesterday, or scarce so long ago. In fancy I seem acting in the same scenes I then acted. The cot of my father, "that dear native home," with the many associations connected therewith, appear in all their former loveliness. In these meditations I almost forget that she who was the centre of our happy circle, sleeps in the grave. But so it is. She sleeps in death. The noise and bustle of life she leads not. She has gone to rest. No more will she pour out her soul in earnest prayer to God, that his blessing might rest upon her absent son. No more will her voice be heard in giving wise counsel to those who looked to her for direction.

Her voice now joins with seraphs bright,
In songs of praise in realms of light.
Though these meditations are gloomy and sad, nevertheless I love to engage in them; for by them my heart is made better. As I think of the virtues and worth of that departed one, I endeavor to imitate those virtues, that I may be possessed of her worth. Should I be in possession of this, I know

When comes the time that I must die,
My faithful Pilgrim body by my side,
My heart with God will be at rest,
Forever happy, ever blest.

OUTRAGE ON THE HIGHWAY. We have the particulars of another high-handed act by some "Indians" in Rensselaer county yesterday. A gentleman from Lockport, with his cousin, Mr. Angell of that city, hired a carriage from Mr. Crocker, who keeps a livery stable in Hudson street, to take them over to Stephentown. While there on Sunday afternoon, walking over a farm belonging to the family, they noticed a stake in the ground bearing the inscription "Down with the Kent." This they pulled up in a moment of sport. Yesterday morning they started on their return home, and when within 12 miles of this city were overtaken by a band of 40 or 50 "Indians," all on horseback, armed, painted and disguised. The Chief, riding up to the driver, leveled a pistol at his head and ordered him to stop. The driver not immediately obeying this command, the Indian made at the horses with his spear, whereupon the driver stopped. One of the band then mounted the driver's box, and two others got inside the carriage. The Indian on the box cocked his pistol, held it to the driver's head, and directed him to turn back with his team. This order was obeyed, and driven all the way back to Stephentown, where he was examined and the proposition discussed, whether he should be tarred and feathered. Eventually it was decided that he had done nothing to deserve this indignity and he was released, but did not reach home till this morning. We have these facts from Rogers, the driver of the carriage, who adds that on his compulsory ride back to Stephentown yesterday, his "Indian" companion on the box, whenever they approached a dwelling, would level his pistol at his head, raise his tomahawk, as if about to strike, and remain in that attitude until they had passed the house.

[Albany Journal.]

MARRIAGE OF ROSS.—Hartwell's Hotel, Philadelphia, Sept. 3. John Ross, the celebrated Cherokee chief, who married in the President's parlour of this hotel last night, to Miss Mary B. Stupler of Wilmington, Delaware. He is about 55, and she is only 18 years of age; she is a very beautiful girl, and highly accomplished; and belongs to the Society of Friends, or did. Her father was formerly a highly respectable merchant of this city.

She was given away by her brother, and attended by her sister and a niece of John Ross as bridesmaids. He had collected several of his daughters and nephews from boarding school, &c., in New Jersey, to be present at the wedding; and after

the ceremony a family party of 20 of the Rosses (all half-breed Indians) sat down to a most sumptuous banquet, for the preparation of which he had engaged Hartwell a *coque blanche*, and a most elegant affair it was. Ross is considered to be worth half a million of dollars. He purposes adjoining with a his beautiful bride at this excellent hotel for a time; after which he goes to his wild home in the South Western prairies.—[Tribune.]

HURRAH FOR FREEDOM!

A comparison between Ohio and Virginia.
Virginia was settled in 1606. The first civilizing settlement in Ohio was effected in 1787. Virginia has an area of 70,000 square miles—Ohio 40,000—two-thirds as much.

AGRICULTURE.

	Virginia.	Ohio.
Horses and mules,	No. 326,438	1,217,874
Neat cattle,	1,024,145	2,028,421
Sheep,	1,923,772	2,089,746
Hogs,	1,552,698	551,193
Poultry,	10,109,716	16,571,661
Wheat, bushels,	13,451,052	14,393,103
Oats,	34,577,591	33,668,114
Maize,	1,814,051	1,659,884
Other grain,	2,944,690	5,805,021
Potatoes,	2,538,347	3,635,315
Wool, pounds,	73,347,106	5,942,275
Tobacco,	3,494,484	
Cotton,		
Products of dairy,	\$2,480,488	\$1,848,869
Hay, tons,	364,708	1,022,037
Other products,	\$3,282,250	\$1,897,666
Sugar, pounds,		6,363,356

MANUFACTURES.

	Virginia.	Ohio.
Metals and machinery,	\$789,573	\$2,141,807
Woolen,	147,782	685,757
Cotton, &c.,	679,312	435,145
Tobacco,	2,406,671	728,513
Leather,	826,597	1,986,136
Carriages,	647,515	701,228
Furniture,	289,391	761,146
Ships,	136,807	522,855
Houses,	1,367,493	2,775,823
Other manufactures,	2,130,483	2,217,052
Manufacturing by mills,	1,663,850	346,630
Printing, &c.,	104,212	350,202
Paper,		1,265,893
Spirits,		

COMMERCE.

25, per cent., of capital,	\$5,299,451	\$8,050,316
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MINES.

	Virginia.	Ohio.
Iron,	\$1,200,247	
Coal,	1,593,381	
Salt,	426,404	
Other products,	162,507	
THE FOREST,	\$617,760	\$1,013,063
FISHERIES,	95,173	10,525

POPULATION.

Slaves and free colored,	495,829	Free col. 17,342
Whites,	740,968	Whites, 1,502,125
	1,239,797	2,518,467

THAT BOND!!

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Be it Remembered, that on the Tenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, before us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Washington, of the District of Columbia, personally appeared HENRY CLAY and WILLIAM GREEN, and severally acknowledged themselves to owe the United States of America, that is to say, said HENRY CLAY Five Thousand Dollars, and said WILLIAM GREEN Five Thousand Dollars, each to be respectively levied on their bodies, goods, and chattels, lands and tenements, and to and for the use of the said United States, if said HENRY CLAY shall keep the peace of the United States towards all persons, and particularly towards WILLIAM R. KING, then this Recognizance shall be void, otherwise of full force and virtue in Law.

Acknowledged before us.
B. R. MORSE, J. P.
W. THOMPSON, J. P.

A true copy.
Attest: W. BRENT, C. K.

HALLOWELL HOUSE,
ON TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES,
—BY—
CHARLES SAGER,
SECOND STREET,
HALLOWELL, ME.

Kennebec and Boston Steam Navigation.
1844.
The new, elegant, and fast sailing Steamer
PENOBSCOT,
NATHANIEL KIMBALL, MASTER.

WILL run as follows